

FAGAN'S \$1,500,000 BRIDAL GOWN

SEPARATED FOR A YEAR

Friends of Young Couple Wondering What Has Happened to Their Romance

Mrs. Katherine Stevens Fagan, "infant" bride of Edward Fagan, a Dartmouth student, and heiress to the \$1,500,000 estate of the late Calvin Arny Stevens, "the reclusé of Broad street," New York, has gone to Reno.

Friends of the two romantic young people who eloped in April last, and then were "separated" by their parents for a year, are wondering whether she has gone there to join the divorce colony.

Her mother says "there is nothing of the matter." William R. Fagan, father of the groom, is of the same opinion. "If they are separated or are seeking to annul the marriage they rushed into to about a time ago, it is none to me," he said. "I do not know where my son is, or what his plans are."

Mrs. Fagan is eighteen years of age. She was married secretly in November, N. Y., to young "Rich" Fagan, who the latter admitted to come from college enough to say "I" at the Episcopal Church in that city.

The marriage was secret until a few days later when the bride, ascertained the divorce court, and then the father, Mr. Fagan, from the Stevens estate, to support her "infant" daughter just married to a respectable person of high social standing.

She cost \$10,000 and then it was announced that the elopers were to separate for a year so that they could finish their education.

HONEYMOON IN BOSTON. Fagan and his bride came to Boston for their honeymoon, rehearsing at the separation plan of their parents.

To a Boston American reporter, the youthful bridegroom declared that his marriage is more important than his education.

"We were married in a perfectly dignified manner," said Mrs. Fagan's mother, who is to separate from her son. "The wedding was simple. There were guests for a man who has just married the girl of his choice."

"The girl," said Mrs. Fagan, "was not a person who had moved, while these people were separated, to go to the collector's office."

ARRESTS PRISONER AT GATES OF JAIL. John J. Fagan, twenty-five years old, of Hanley place, Dorchester, who has just completed a sentence of three months in the county jail, was arrested at the city jail by Inspector Carnes.

Fagan, defendant in a trial on which he was held here from in connection with a charge of the theft of two automobiles in 1919.

He received a sentence of from one to five years in jail and was arrested at the jail door when paroled last week.

AUTO REPLACES OLD POLICE VAN. Each prisoner given a full sentence in the South Boston Court after July 1 will receive a free ride in an automobile from the court to the jail.

As a result of a recent order of the Police Commissioner, the old horse-drawn van that has been doing his work, William S. Moore, for twenty-five years driver of the team, and Patrick J. McAdams, auto attendant for the van, will have to go back patrolling buses as a result of the high cost of horse feed.

The Boston American published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays, at 100 State Street, Boston, Mass. Subscription price, \$5.00 per annum in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

Control Forest Fire in Adams. Adams, June 27.—After a battle lasting for a week a force of men under the direction of Mr. W. A. Dwyer, has succeeded in getting under control a fire which was raging in woods on Adams' side. The fire was started by a careless planter and burned over several acres of land.

Rich Bride Who Has Joined Nevada Divorce Colony



Photo by Wire World Photos

"Dick" Fagan, Dartmouth student, and his heiress wife, eighteen-year-old Catherine Stevens who were separated by their parents for a year after their romantic elopement. She has just left her home for Reno.

Photo by International

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PARIS SEASON SET'S COSTLY

Windup Ball Lasts Long After Dawn; \$3,000,000 Wagered on Grand Prix

By C. F. BERTELLI.

External Service Staff Correspondent.

Paris, June 27.—In a contest of champagne, with a frenzy of gambling and a plethora of last minute affairs, the Paris "grand season" which has not been equalled for brilliance and extravagance since the second empire, ended Sunday.

The closing feature was the International Grand Prix, in which American, English and French jockeys competed.

The windup ball lasted Saturday night at the Casino de la Opera, lasted until long after dawn when the "grand season" which has not been equalled for brilliance and extravagance since the second empire, ended Sunday.

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MacGruder Denies He Emulated Sims

By International News Service.

Paris, June 27.—Another American naval officer has adopted the outspoken methods of Admiral Sims, according to L'Humanite.

Rear Admiral T. S. MacGruder, U. S. A., a naval attaché at the American embassy, is quoted by the newspaper as saying that the language of the French is "too much for the English."

MacGruder, when asked by a representative of the International News Service, said that he was "not a Frenchman, but a Frenchman."

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Here's How Mr. \$, \$mth Wilkin\$on \$hame\$ Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo

By C. F. BERTELLI.

Special Correspondent of the Boston American.

Paris, June 27.—Here is Mr. Smith Wilkin\$on's own explanation of how she spent five million dollars in three weeks in Paris and then became the world's champion golfer of all time, she has put to shame "the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo," she told your correspondent that she was restraining herself here but that when she visits New York next Winter—just wait! Her list of expenditures, or as many as she could recall off-hand, follows:

Romanoff jeweled crown, once prized by the Czar of Russia..... \$3,300,000

Shrewsbury heirloom pearls..... 800,000

Crown..... 160,000

Hats..... 80,000

Loose diamonds (for trimming hats and gowns and decorating teeth)..... 500,000

Re-upholstering automobiles..... 25,000

Casual charities..... 15,000

Total..... \$4,580,000

It will be noted that hotel bills, bet\$ on horse races and incidentally like the \$50,000 fee to Harry Pucker for dancing lessons are not included.

Most Extravagant Woman in World Spends \$5,000,000 in Three Weeks

By C. F. BERTELLI.

Universal Service Staff Correspondent.

Paris, June 27.—In the past few months a name hitherto heard seldom, if ever, has shot like a dazzling shaft of light across the consciousness of the civilized world.

The name is that of Mrs. Smith Wilkin\$on. The name which broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

She actually has put to shame "the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo," she told your correspondent that she was restraining herself here but that when she visits New York next Winter—just wait! Her list of expenditures, or as many as she could recall off-hand, follows:

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SAYS EDISON IS GREAT MEDIUM

Spiritual Leader Declares Ghosts Invented Movies and Phonographs

New York, June 27.—Ghosts invented phonographs, movies, electric lights and other things, according to leaders of the spiritualist convention which has just closed its annual meeting at the Waldorf.

This astonishing view was elicited from the medium, John B. B. when non-spiritualists at the public séance commented on the purity and beauty of the "messages" which were being received.

"There are some of the chaste bits of advice and wisdom from the spirit world that were uttered."

"Ghosts have you ever the best by the eye ever."

"John B. B. was a great poet."

"Tomorrow will be a new day."

"Don't worry over what is past and gone."

"Your best and don't be discouraged."

"The very positive note was struck when G. W. Bentley, a medium of Boston, said:

"If you are true spiritualists you must attend the orthodox churches and schools where they are corrupted with false doctrine and false teachers."

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RICH WOMAN AND SACCO TRIED TO SLAYER'S WIFE

Laud Her for Betraying Husband—Band Who Admits Killing

They Must Wind Up Case by Saturday

Weekly Widow

New York, June 27.—The great trial of the week, started Monday in the Federal Court, is turning over the father of the slain woman, Mrs. Minnie S. Sacco, to the jury.

The husband and confessed slayer of the wealthy, married widow, in his cell in the Nassau County Jail, waited anxiously for the verdict of the jury.

Two of the first to offer assistance to the unfortunate wife of the convicted slayer were Mrs. Morgan Belmont and Mrs. L. E. F. Fagan.

The two women, with several other prominent members of their social circle, were in the courtroom when Mrs. Sacco was brought in.

Mrs. Belmont went in and shook the hand of the little widow woman and greeted her for the great sorrow she made.

Mrs. Fagan repeated the opinion expressed by Mrs. Belmont and added: "I am very glad to learn that District Attorney Weeks has come to the conclusion that the wife is the person who is entitled to the \$100,000 reward which was offered for the arrest and conviction of the brutal slayer of Mrs. Sacco."

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WANTS DIVER TO RECOVER TORPEDO

The U. S. Navy has a diver at anchor in the harbor of New York.

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Beautiful Woman May Yet Rule the Prize Ring in This Topsy-Turvy World



MILITARY MELTING POT—Only once in a great while is such a group of active foreign military representatives gathered together. They apparently are much impressed by the bombing of the surrendered German warships by Uncle Sam's planes off the Virginia Capes. Left to right: Chu Fong Lin, Chinese navy; Commander G. E. Fernald, Spanish navy; Lieutenant Marcos A. Zar, Argentine navy; Captain S. R. Bailey, British navy and Colonel V. di Bernasconi, Italian army. (Int.)



RELATIVITY!—Professor Michelson of Columbia, who will put Einstein's famous theory to a practical test. He will send a light signal in different directions around the poles. If they meet, Einstein



GREAT SNAKES, FOLKS!—This little rascal is so great that he can go forward as well as backward. Famous South American double-headed reptile. Now in London zoo. Gosh, you don't know whether he's coming or going. He could walk into a theatre backwards and the ticket taker would not know he was coming out. (Int.)



HORATIO ALGER STUFF!—Milton E. Allen, who rose from an ash boy in the Treasury Department to the presidency of the Riggs National Bank, Washington. Financed Spanish-American war. (Int.)



EXTREMES!—The director has come into fashion again and this black satin gown with jet shoulder straps is driving Paris wild. (K. & H.)



PAYING A CALL!—Elks now ride on elephants. Teachers of natural history will deny this, but just cast your eyes above. These chaps are honest—to goodness Elks and they invited their elephant friends to their palatial Los Angeles home for a quiet little dinner. Afterward they all went for a duck in the Pacific. (K. & H.)



GIVE US ALL RIGHTS!—Mrs. Inetta Jewel Brown, former actress and chairman of the National Woman's Party, which has launched a drive to obtain all rights with men. (U. & U.)

WHAM!—Notice that wicked left on the fair pug in the photo above. The war raged so terribly on the Germans that ordinary male boxing matches palled on them, so they insisted on lady battlers. Introducing ladies and gentlemen, Miss Peppi Taber, left, and Miss Stella Bernot. Match took place at Metropolitan Variety ring, Berlin. Both were in good form. Below, a moment between rounds. Note the sally handlers. (W. W.)



FAST AND FAR!—Taken just a second after Mrs. D. Rail Richards drove a hot one down the course from the first two at the Shinnecock Club, Southampton, L. (Central)



LICKED!—For the first time since he won the championship, Jack Dempsey has met defeat, and a little fellow did the trick, too. The victor was none other than Johnny Coulon, he of Paris fame. Johnny tickled the "mass killer's" Adam's apple or something, and Jack couldn't lift him off the floor. It's not a new stunt, but gosh, Dempseyotta be able to do anything. (K. & H.)



BUSINESS IS BRIGHTENING UP!—What'll you have, lady, light or dark? Here we have an interesting comparison between the old and the new methods of shining shoes. A little street urchin and future bank president shines your kicks for a nickel. Below is the latest automatic shiner. Step in and after a minute step out—all shined up. (Key.)



OH, SPLASH!—Charles Ray was always a cool chap, but here we see him trying to get still cooler in his private pool in Los Angeles. He shapes up very well as a diver, doesn't he, girls? Chorus: Oh, did we should say so! But look again. Just wait till he hits the water. As a diver he makes a fine actor. (Key.)



A BIT OF A CHAT 'KNOW!—Miss Justice Johnson, one of America's leading beauties, had a ripping time in dear Old London. The English took to her quite keenly. That's nothing. We feel that way ourselves. A bobby is pointing out pieces of interest. (Key.)



"FATE!"—That's the name of the film in which Clara Smith Memon re-enacts her life with John L. Hanson, wealthy Oklahoma oil man, for whom, death she was acquitted. Photo shows her in one of the thrilling scenes. Film has been banned from several States. Scores of theatre managers have vowed not to exhibit it. (Int.)

THE THIMBLE THEATRE

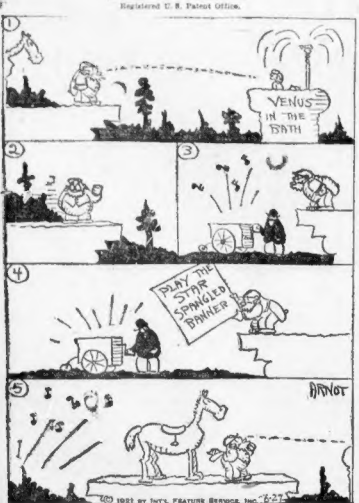
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
Now Showing—"Saved by Nature."
To-morrow—"Butted by Nature."



THEN THE FUN BEGAN



THE GENERAL



Kabbie Kabaret

Copyright 1921 International Feature Service, Inc.—Registered U. S. Patent Office.
DEAR MR. KABBIE,
MY HUSBAND IS SHY ABOUT GOING OUT WITH ME AS HE IS BALDHEADED—WHAT SHALL I DO?
NOTHING—BE A GOOD WIFE TO HIM. YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH TO DO KEEPING THE FLIES OUT OF THE HOUSE!

BRINGING UP FATHER



POLLY AND HER PALS



JERRY ON THE JOB



ABIE THE AGENT



KRAZY KAT



US BOYS



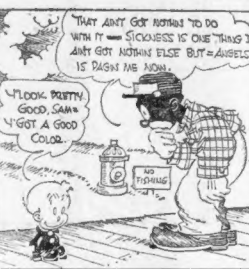
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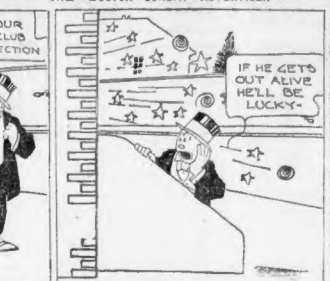
KRAZY KAT



US BOYS



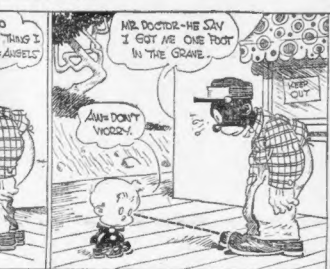
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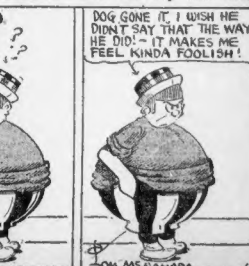
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KRAZY KAT



US BOYS



Various Matters, Briefly

Why Are Our Soldiers in Europe?
Copyright, 1921, Max Cawley

The State Department in Washington denies any knowledge of the treaty now making between England and Japan. It was said that England was telling Secretary Hughes, most kindly, just what she was doing about that treaty, but it seems no information has come. Of course it would interest the United States to know just what arrangement is being made between the fleets of Japan and England, just as it would interest England to get the facts if this country were making a treaty of offense and defence with Ireland.

George Bernard Shaw in an article published last week says that Lloyd George's treaty with Japan is practically a declaration of war against the United States. It is not quite as bad as that, and England is not quite as silly as that. But it looks as though England were making a treaty that might some day compel her ships to come out farther from the harbor than they did in the late war.

In connection with "Republican economy" can anybody tell why we are keeping thousands of American soldiers in Europe? What are they doing there? What is the need of them? Why should citizens be taxed to pay their expenses? Do you know of anything much more foolish just now than an American army in Europe?

The Duches Decazes, you learn from Universal Service, organized a grand entertainment to cost half a million francs. Rain would spoil it. For a small sum she insured herself with Lloyds against rain. It rained, and the company paid her \$50,000 francs.

Lord Northcliffe once offered a prize of \$50,000 to the first ship crossing the Channel. (That sounds strange now.) He insured himself for a trifle, and when the thing was done Lloyds paid the \$50,000. At Lloyds you can insure yourself against anything, except your own foolishness. That, being NOT insurable, makes it easy for the poor to get rich and rich to get poor.

The newspapers are taking calmly the mysterious disappearance of more than twenty ships, suddenly vanishing. New York police and the State Department at Washington seem to take seriously the suggestion of Russian responsibility for the mysterious vanishing ships. It would not be hard probably to put a majority of Bolsheviks in a crew, arrange for them to seize the ships and sail for a Russian port. But it sounds more like a nightmare than a reality. What IS the explanation?

Flying machines carrying dynamite date from yesterday. Battleships are older than the Spanish armada. The other day a flying machine, in a test, dropping dynamite, proved good marksmanship and destroyed a submarine in eleven minutes. In a few years battleships against flying machines will have as much chance as overfed geese against eagles.

How long will it take those in charge of this country's defence to realize that fact? The English and French, who know it already, are perfectly willing to discontinue battleship building. Their energy is concentrated on flying machines, the real fighting ships.

"Babe" Ruth, affectionately referred to by sporting writers as the "Bambino," knocked a baseball 475 feet from the home plate, and destroyed all records. There was a day when that would have had a meaning, when a man's life depended on the force and accuracy with which he could throw a stone, or hurl a javelin. Now it is the "Big Bertha" throwing a bullet seventy-five miles that counts, and the flying machine dropping springing gas. The "Bambino" of baseball is important because the average mind is still living back with the javelin thrower.

The price of sugar is cut below six cents. Before long, perhaps, the old days will return, when small order houses offered 100 pounds of sugar for \$3, three cents a pound, with \$10 worth of groceries. Some banks are in the sugar business and wish they had never heard of it. They lent money on sugar at twenty-five cents a pound, in a regular business way. One has just taken a loss of \$3,000,000 on a small 5,000-ton lot of sugar. Everybody will sympathize with the speculator, as a Christian should, but it is a comfort to know that occasionally supply and demand does work out.

Reckless "L" Motormen

Numerous complaints have been heard recently concerning the reckless way in which many of the Boston Elevated motormen drive their cars on leaving the Andrew square tunnel. No less than six times during the past six weeks the emergency crew has been called to repair trolley wires that were torn from the supports and endangered the lives of passengers and those who happened to be on the street.

In every instance the broken wires have been the result of careless men in charge of the cars, who cause the trolleys to be thrown off the overhead wires, while the cars continue for many yards, crashing into and tearing the wires. In some cases the cars have been made to jump the track.

Inklings and Thinkings

"What is the mean temperature here?" asked the traveler who was feeling California for the first time.

"My dear sir," the native son replied, "we haven't any here."

Muscle may have charms to soothe the savage breast, but the man who lives alone a player piano and under a victrola ought to receive the benefit of the doubt when he claims that he is not a savage.

Conceited people wouldn't be so obnoxious if they were not always trying to take the conceit out of others.

Cheer Up Girls!

It's Hot

By T. E. Powers



The Old Timers' Club

Do You Remember Way Back When—

There were nine railroad stations in Boston, four north and four south and the B. & N. A. L. TRAVELER.

The peace jubilee was held in Boston and a donkey engine outside the building furnished power to blow the big organ, and two companies of artillery, one from Boston and one from Melrose, furnished cannon accompaniment—GILMORE.

The old line-of-battle ship Ohio was receiving ship at the navy yard?—SHELLBACK.

The wax policeman with the index finger pointing toward the box office that did duty at Austin and Stone's Museum in Seely square for years and was the cause of setting verbal duels among patrons of the theatre. The dummy was often asked by inebriated persons the price of admission?—ENTERTAINER.

Join the Old Timers' Club. Tell tales — Our membership is in the Boston American. Send them to the Old Timers' Editor.

To the Editor

Regarding Mr. Gompers

Editor Boston American: I notice that you say Mr. Gompers and Mr. Dixon are Englishmen in everything but their residence in America, and you are quite right. But I want to inform you that I was born in England and I consider the British government the worst robbing, plundering and murdering government in the history of the world. You say that organized labor needs new leaders and I agree with you. Mr. Gompers did all he could to please Mr. Wilson and the British government. What has Mr. Gompers done for labor? He was one that helped to disrupt the Knights of Labor, the best labor organization the American people ever had. JOHN T. CALLAGHAN, Barre, Vt.

Why?

Pot Powers of Patient People

What got your goat today? You'll find better if you tell the Pot Power Editor of the Boston American about it.

WHY do people use the place where I sit as a passage-way when at a ball game?—POLY.

WHY do girls like a fellow a little better if he is acquainted with the proud possessor of a machine—SLEEPING BEAUTY.

WHY does dad blame us for misplacing his garage keys when he has them safely hidden in one of his many pockets?—SEPIK.

WHY do fat girls love vinegar pickles?—GETTING FAT.

WHY do the quarter-portion wags about the "double portion lady's" clothes, since they don't have to pay for 'em?—L. D. P.

WHY does the pretty girl invariably select a homely guy as body-guard?—CHAS. M. H.

WHY does some one always spring a laugh provoking joke just when they're drinking and have a mouthful of water?—TEENIE.

Stars and Stripes

Why is it that expecting a small nation to give up its territorial claims always reminds us of ordering a small boy to wash away the dirt behind his ears?

"The bride wore," so the paper said, "A well and rope of pearls." She was less afraid of taking cold than lots of other girls.

A homely girl is her own chaperone.

Seems to be some job to take the "hic" out of Chicago.

"Washington will soon take steps to end profiteering," says a dispatch. But the profiteers have already taken not only the steps but the front porch.

There was once a man who never lied to his wife, but that was because he died a bachelor.

"The girls these days put on a great many airs," remarked the body-guard.

"Well," said his friend, "it seems as though they ought to put on something."

London Crooks in Hard Luck

LONDON, June 27.—The gentlemanly adventures of London's underworld, who live by their wits, are having a hard fight for existence. This is the latest report that they have experienced since the war. They are being squeezed by modern methods.

Money is tight, and "mugs" are few. Pseudo-majors and simple Australian shear farmers with a fortune to lose are distributing to charity with your assistance—unsuccessfully. The West End hungry and unsuccessful for their prey.

Gilded youths who usually contribute to the upkeep of these gentry by thinking they can play cards seem to have learned wisdom at last. Provincial vices decline to go heavily into infatuation schemes for the ruin of book-makers. This lamentable drought is not due to any violent change in human nature.

But a "mug" without money is a useless thing. He may beg with tears in his eyes to be let on a little scheme for turning one pound note into five, but the necessity of having real cash puts him out of court—and incidentally this helps to keep out of court philanthropic new friends.

Fussy watchful privateers are observed cruising up and down the river in the vicinity of the Park and Piccadilly Circus, with occasional excursions further east; they are seen putting in at various ports of call between cocktail time and the closing of the bar. They scan the horizon with a keen, predatory eye. No stranger escapes them. If he shows the slightest sign of promise he is kept under observation; perhaps overhauled and taken in for weighed in various ways and given the chance of dividing his state. Then, more often than not, he is cast aside in disgust, and the privateer once more resumes his profitless vigil.

R. I. P. A New York lawyer entered his condemned client's will. "Well," he said, "good news at last!"

"A privilege!" asked the prisoner eagerly. "No, but an uncle of yours has died leaving you \$5,000, and you can go to your father with the happy consciousness that the efforts of your lawyer, your behalf will not go unrewarded!"

ZAGHUL IN SUPPORT OF EGYPTIAN REVOLT

By Universal Service. LONDON, June 27.—If the whole revolt in Alexandria and the whole atmosphere of street in Egypt cannot be traced directly to the hand of Zaghlul Pasha, no one who has followed the recent course of events in that country can doubt that his shadow lies over both.

The outbreak is attributed to the disappointment of his followers that he had been excluded from the mission which Adly Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, is to bring to England to discuss the future of the country.

A Firebrand Spirit. Zaghlul, however, has only himself to thank for his exclusion. He is the firebrand spirit which demands all or none. Adly, more concerned for his country's good than for his own personal advantage, is content to accept something as that more may come later, and his restraining influence has been accepted by all but the extremist elements among the Nationalists.

Time later have rallied gaily to Zaghlul's battle cry, and the first trait of their enthusiasm are the outbreaks in Cairo and Alexandria. Zaghlul is a forceful personality, the type of a man who leads for hope. He is a tall, spare, aristocratic man of about sixty, lean of face and swarthy of skin, with his black cheek bones which mark the Arab.

His calculating manner impresses as that of a man of business and unimpassioned character, impatient of restraint, and chafing at any opinion in conflict with his own. He appeals to the sense of duty, and is not much given to sentimentalism.

His policy is the single one of ousting the British from Egypt, and he will accept no concession short of that. He declares that this revolutionary fire, and apparently he believes it, though he never mentions it, is the result of his policy.

What he has made clear, however, is that he is a man of personal ambition, which brooks no interference. He aspires to be the leader of a "Free Egypt" and he has the gift of imparting his enthusiasm in this direction to his followers.

Split Egypt in Two Factions. His quarrel with Adly Pasha has split Egypt into two factions, of which the moderate element, maintaining faithful to the Egyptian Premier, while the Bolshevik party clings to Zaghlul as its deliverer. In part, though, is a small one, but it has already shown itself capable of mischief.

Once-Overs

Copyright, 1921, International Feature Service. INVESTMENTS. You cannot be too careful how you invest your savings.

There is a danger of grabbing at the investment which offers the most return, if worked out satisfactorily.

In such an investment there is usually the element of great chance and a likelihood of the principal being wiped out.

If you feel that you have some money that it will not hurt you to invest in a safe place, you can afford to take a chance once in a while.

Why use a plan something like this: Invest one-third of your savings in something you know is absolutely safe, like Government bonds; invest another third in something practically safe, like a life insurance policy; and the other third in individual shares, which promise big returns but which have also the element of chance, because new or untried.

In this way you cannot be left flat, with all your savings gone. You have satisfied your desire to please by using something that very purpose, but of course no one would be silly enough to plunge in the dark simply on a hunch.

Smiles

JUSTIFIABLE SUSPICION. "Why don't you try to have more confidence in your husband?" her friend asked.

"It's not a man to be trusted. I know, for he made love to me before he had the slightest idea of what he was doing. I would be willing to get a divorce in order to marry him."

STATE STREET ZOOLOGY. "I hear you were speculating in State Street lately. Was you a bull or a bear?"

"Neither. I was a monkey."

VOICES IN SPEEDING SUBWAY TRAIN

By Garrett P. Serviss.

WHEN riding in the subway I often listen to the chatter of voices that are everywhere, but nevertheless fascinating choruses sung by the strange voices that haunt these subterranean trains. Of course, there is a subjective element in the phenomenon, and in order to hear the voices one's mood must possess a certain accord. The mind must be in a meditative attitude.

People whose attention is fixed on other things are aware only of a pandemonium of noises. It is also possible after the voices are noticed to banish them from the field of attention, or to disarticulate them into the unconnected clanks, rattle, and squeals, screams and roars from which they are constructed.

But, ordinarily, I do not try to ignore them; on the contrary, I invite them, and listen for them to begin. They draw me under their rods, strong waves of harmony, the acoustic horror of a superior joy. They tempt to it a reluctant enjoyment that seems a little delectable. They sting the gallery chorus of the electric clanks that has been chained to his wheels.

Sit Near Door. If you wish to listen for these voices, do sit close to the door where two cars join. These are located the largest; there the clank tones arise. The multiplicity of sounds that give rise to the voices do not blend together and change from note to note as the train is well under way.

There must first arise a strong, steady swelling of the voices, an accompaniment, to carry and unify the various notes. The voices stop, the pages of the train break up in harmony. Not until a certain speed has been attained do the voices become distinguishable, and when the train slows up for a stop they fall again into a series of clanks.

When I call them "voices" I mean literally what I say. I am not concerned. They are like human voices slaying with a metallic clang, but they are articulate words. They take their time from the swift beating of a "Free Egypt" on the rails and get their pitch from the vibrating iron. The walls of the tunnel are made of steel.

If you shut your eyes the impression is heightened. Sometimes it is almost impossible to not to believe that some great orchestra is singing in accord with the music of the rails. But I have never had I have looked about in search of the supposed singer—and more than once I have found him. It is a small figure, it is a small one, but it has already shown itself capable of mischief.

Once-Overs. If you shut your eyes the impression is heightened. Sometimes it is almost impossible to not to believe that some great orchestra is singing in accord with the music of the rails. But I have never had I have looked about in search of the supposed singer—and more than once I have found him. It is a small figure, it is a small one, but it has already shown itself capable of mischief.

Avail Chorus. The subway music is like an avil chorus in its power to lull, and the effect is sometimes uncanny, as if we were flying with the skykites. If, as I have suggested, you shut your eyes and allow your attention to closely follow the phenomenon, you will imagine that you can distinguish between some of the many voices. You will instinctively take for words, which do not seem to you to be in tune with the music, and more sound in the utterances of these mysterious voices than they are in those of many very human voices.

It would be interesting to know whether people who really catch these voices in underground trains are equally apt to see faces in fireplaces and in the clouds. Most persons have a phenomenal way of remembering—either by sounds or by sights—which would be rather an indication that the cleftnoises just suggested may not exist.

Kills by Miles

A chemist of the Bureau of Mines recently gave before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia an account of a new chemical, said to have been developed by a British scientist after three years of research work, that is considered to be the most deadly weapon ever devised by science.

It is in the form of a vapor, and bears the alluring name, "diphosphorochlorine." Its extreme deadliness is enhanced by the fact that it will penetrate any material.

If airplanes were equipped to carry a tank of this liquid for discharge from nozzles similar to the ordinary street sprinklers, it would be the end of the world, for it would fall like rain, everything in the path of the plane would be killed. It was stated that one plane carrying two tons of the liquid could cover an area 100 feet wide by seven miles long in a single trip, depositing enough material to kill every man in that area.

The liquid is so easily made wherever there is available electrical power, as nearly every nation has practically unlimited supply of the necessary raw materials—Dr. Henry Briggs, chemist in July 1920, International.

The Ghost of Dead Loves

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

LIKE the tenth wave that offers to the shore Accumulated opulence and force, So does my heart, which thought it loved of yore, Carry increasing passion down the course Of time to proffer thee.

Oh, not the faint First ripple of the sea should be its pride, But the great climax of its unrestrained Which culminates in one commanding tide.

The lesser billows of each crude emotion Break on life's strand, recede, and then unite With love's large sea, and to some late devotion Unrecognized they bring their lost delight. So all the vanished fancies of my past Live yet in this one passion grand and vast.